THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 15, 1808.

Copy of a Letter from Dr. Hough, the late Bishop of Worcester, a few Days before his Death, aged ninety-three.

To Lord Digby.

Tranſmitted by Mr. Cotes, his Lordship's Nephew, who had been to wait upon the Bishop to be ordained.

My Lord, *April*, 1743.

I Think myself obliged to your nephew for his kind visit, whereby I have a more authentic account of your lordship's health than is usually brought to me by report, and an opportunity of informing myself in many particulars relating to your noble house, and the good family at Woodcote; which I hear with the uncommon pleasure of one who has been no stranger to them. Mr. Cotes is remarkably blessed in his children, all whose sons are not only deserving, but prosperous; and I am glad to see one of them devoted to the service of God; he may not, perhaps, have chosen the most likely employment to thrive by, but he depends upon a master, who never fails to recompence those who trust in him, above their hopes. The young gentleman will account to you for Hartlebury; but I fancy you will expect me to say somewhat of myself: and therefore I presume to tell you that my hearing has long failed; I am weak and forgetful, having as little inclination to business as ability to perform it. In other respects I have ease; if it may not more properly be called indolence, to a degree beyond what I durst have thought on, when years began to multiply upon me. I wait contented for a deliverance out of this life into a better, in humble confidence that, by the mercy of God, through the merits of his son, I shall

stand, at the resurrection, at his right hand. And when you, my good lord, have ended those days that are to come, which I pray be many and comfortable, as innocently and exemplarily as those that are passed, I doubt not of our meeting in that state where joys are unspeakable, and will always endure.

I am, my lord,
Your lordship's most obedient and ever affectionate servant,

J. WORCESTER.

THE GHOST ALIVE!

A SINGULAR NARRATIVE OF MARSHAL TURENNE.

[From La Belle Assemblee; or, Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine.]

THE celebrated Viscount Turenne, in his earlier youth, was a man of pleasure in the innocent sense of that word; he used to relate with much gaiety a kind of adventure which had occurred to him upon his first introduction into the great world, the court of Louis XIV. We here translate it freely as it is given in a French work of much literary reputation, which has just appeared in Paris, and attracted great attention.

The father of Turenne was persuaded that his son would make his fortune at Paris, but with that kind of blindness not uncommon to parents, he expected this desired event by means very little suited to the character and mind of the young chevalier. Will it be credited that Turenne was sent to the court of Louis XIV. for the purpose of making his fortune by entering into the Sorbonne?

Accordingly, with ten Louis d'ors in his pocket, the young Turenne was conducted by his father to the town nearest his paternal chateau, whence the good old gentleman saw his son safely into a provincial stage, and with many blessings left him on his road to Paris.

Turenne, when a few miles on his road, got into conversation with a fellow passenger.

Turenne himself was always noted for his candour and pleasantry, and the young chevalier, his fellow-passenger, seemed much of the same character. There were no limits to their mutual confidence. Turenne entered into a narrative of his expectations; and his companion, equally communicative, informed Turenne of all the circumstances of his situation.

Turenne learned by this detail that the name of his companion was the Chevalier Dupaty; that he was the son of an old citizen of Blois, and was going to Paris on a visit to a merchant,

chant, the old friend of his father, with the purpose of marrying the old gentleman's daughter. Old Monsieur Dupaty and the Parisian merchant had, it seems, been educated together, and though so separated by the events of their future life that they had scarcely seen each other for twenty years, they had mutually retained that affectionate remembrance not uncommon in like situations. The old merchant, whose name is given as Monsieur St. George, had therefore sent an invitation to Monsieur Dupaty to endeavour to unite their families; expressing in the same letter what he would give with his daughter, and what he should expect the young Dupaty would bring with him. The letter concluded, that if old Dupaty agreed to the proposal, the young chevalier should be sent with a bag of five hundred crowns, and the nuptials be forthwith concluded.

"Have you never seen your intended, chevalier?" said Turenne.

"Never;" replied the young Dupaty.

"Nor the old gentleman;" rejoined Turenne.

"Never, my friend;" re-added the chevalier.

"It will be a singular union then," said Turenne; "but perhaps these things are not so much the worse for being done blind-folded; fortune may choose perhaps as well as ourselves."

In this conversation between the young friends passed the whole interval of the journey 'till their arrival at Paris. It was then agreed between the two companions, that they should stop at the same inn. But scarcely had they reached this inn, and were left alone in their chamber, when a very unexpected incident occurred. The young Dupaty was seized with a violent complaint in his bowels. Whether arising from the journey, or from any other cause, the disease was so violent, and instantaneous in its effect, that Turenne had scarcely time to call for help before his companion had expired.

There is a help for every thing but death. Turenne retired to his bed, and revolved the incidents of the day. Turenne was of an age when the spirit of mischief is supposed to predominate. Turenne rose in the morning, and going to the trunk of the deceased chevalier, the keys of which Dupaty had given him previous to his unhappy catastrophe, he examined the contents; and taking the letters and the bag containing the five hundred crowns, sallied forth for the house of Monsieur St. George, having given previous orders for the burial of his friend. It may be here necessary to mention, that, by the then regulations of Paris, every one was required to be buried within twelve hours after their decease.

On coming to the house of Monsieur St. George, Turenne ordered the porter to announce his arrival to his master.

"Who am I to announce, sir?" said the porter.

"The Chevalier Dupaty."

The porter had not lived in the family for nothing; he knew the family secrets, as well as Monsieur St. George himself. He eagerly, therefore, hastened to announce what he knew to be most agreeable intelligence.

In the mean time Turenne, left by himself in a large parlour, had leisure to look around him; he found himself in one of those houses, or rather palaces, which belong to the higher order of merchants. Every thing bespoke the wealth of its owner. His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of the old gentleman, who approaching in haste, precipitated himself into the arms of Turenne. Turenne returned his embraces with equal warmth The old gentleman was enraptured at the figure of his intended son-in-law. He overwhelmed him with family questions, to all of which the candid communication of his deceased friend had enabled Turenne to return most satisfactory answers. Turenne delivered his letters. The old gentleman read them.

"You have brought then," said he, "the five hundred crowns which your father has mentioned in his letter?"

Turenne replied to this interrogatory by putting the bag into the hands of the old gentleman.

"Good, my young friend," replied the worthy Monsieur St. George. "Your father, I perceive, is as much a man of business as myself. You will soon learn that my fortune, and what I shall give my daughter did not require the addition of five hundred crowns, but I was willing that your father should have some share in the happiness of setting you going. I am a p in man, young gentleman; your father has done his part, and I shall now do mine."

With these words he rang a bell; and upon the entrance of a servant, commanded him to summon a priest by a certain hour in the same evening. "In the mean time you shall go and see my wife and daughter. It is fit that a young man should become acquainted with his wife."

Turenne was accordingly conducted to the drawing-room, and introduced to a matronly woman, and a young girl of great beauty, the wife and daughter of the worthy merchant; who, after the ceremony of introduction, left the young chevalier to recommend himself.

In this Turenne so effectually succeeded, that, by the hour of dinner, the ladies had become more than commonly satisfied with their new acquaintance. The good matron looked with pride upon the elegant figure and manly accomplishments of her intended son, and the young lady blushed with more meaning, but with equal satisfaction.

Turenne equally recommended himself during the dinner and desert. The merchant almost crossed himself with surprise, how his old friend, the citizen of Blois, who was a proverb

verb of niggardly economy, could have given his son so brilliant an education.

It was now becoming late; the priest was expected. Turenne, upon a sudden, rose; assumed a look of solemnity, and beckoned the merchant to follow him. The merchant, in some surprise, obeyed.

Turenne descended the stairs, and entered the street. The merchant enquired whither he was going? Turenne waved his hand.—The merchant, more astonished, continued to follow him.

It was the month of December, and therefore, though the hour was eight in the evening, it was foggy and dark as midnight. Turenne, holding the merchant by the arm, insensibly led him into the cloisters of the monastry of the benedictines; when, suddenly stopping, "My friend," said he, "it is enough, I have discharged that for which it was permitted me to be absent, and must now return. Behold in me the spirit of the young Chevalier Dupaty. I arrived in Paris at the Hotel de Pont Matre, at six o'clock yesterday evening, and died of the cholic about an hour after my arrival. I need not tell you that my father had entrusted to my care a bag of five hundred crowns. My senses survived my speech, and made me anxious that as the match could not be concluded from the circumstance of my death, the money might return safe into the hands of my father. I must not declare further the secrets of the grave,—suffice it that the last wish of my life was the first of my death. The permission was granted me. The thing is done, and the money safe. I must now return to be buried. this very hour is the time appointed for me to enter the grave —Farewell."

With these words, whilst the merchant was fixed in motionless astonishment, Turenne disappeared, availing himself of the darkness of the night, and an obscure turn in the cloisters.

After some moments of mute surprise, the merchant, rubbing his eyes, looked about him. Turenne, as we have said, had disappeared.—The merchant called,—no one answered. In a word, the merchant became horror-struck, and recovered himself only to hurry home, and relate the terrible adventure to his wife and daughter.

Terror has quick steps; he soon regained his own door, and knocked for entrance with unusual violence.

Before the door was opened, a cart with trunks came up to it. The merchant demanded from whence it came?

"From the Hotel de Pont Matre."

"From whom there?" demanded the merchant eagerly.

"They are the trunks of the young Chevalier Dupaty," replied the carter.

"And

"And where is the young Chevalier Dupaty?" rejoined the merchant.

"In his grave, by this time," replied the carter. "The bell of Notre Dieu was announcing the burial as I left the inn."

"What, the chevalier is really dead then;" said the merchant, his hair erecting itself with increased horror.

"Yes," replied the carter, "dead as Adam. He arrived in the city yesterday afternoon, and died within half an hour afterwards."

The merchant's door now opened; he staid not to ask another question, but rushed up to relate to his wife the circumstances of the apparition.

The story got about Paris, and as Turenne was silent, it was almost generally believed that the young Chevalier Dupaty had appeared to the merchant St. George, as has been related.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 23.

TRISTRAM TREMBLE TO THE EDITOR.

MAY I hope, Sir, you will excuse the extreme liberty I assume, in daring to address you? Were I a man of parts, such an apology might be deemed superfluous, but being nothing more than a poor, harmless, inoffensive, humdrum kind of a fellow, I am afraid of laying myself open to the accusation of presumption. From my earliest youth, Sir, I was the subject of excessive modesty, never being capable of entering a public room without "bearing my *blushing honours* thick upon me;" and even now, though advanced in years, this timidity of soul haunts me like the spectre of a farthing rushlight. Being *nothing* in my *own opinion*, I conceive myself to be *less* than nothing in the estimation of others; thus comparing myself to the very shadow of a shade.

At the sweet season of *eighteen*, love—all-powerful love—took possession of my soul. The object of my affection was Miss Betty Bounce, a young lady rather of the Amazonian order, but lovely as Venus—wise as Pallas—and chaste as Diana. At this critical period of my existence, the rage for volunteering was at its acme; and, although I love my country with true British zeal, bashfulness overpowered the kindling flame of patriotism, and prevented my joining the "Loyal (or royal, I forget which) Association." This proved a very material obstacle to the completion of my wishes, Miss Betty being

being decidedly in favour of a red coat, and all the other splendid trumpery of the military equipage. Considering, however, that in every other respect, my worldly circumstances rendered me well worthy her attention, she thought proper to keep me in tow for several months; though, I must confess, her admiration of the sons of thunder frequently gave me extreme uneasiness.

After proceeding, for a tedious length of time, in this *shilly shally* manner, she, at last, seriously informed me that she had come to a determined resolution never to go to church with me, unless I entered in the volunteers. Well knowing, Sir, that such a daring enterprize would overwhelm me with confusion, and conduce to a train of endless calamities, I positively refused to intermeddle with any employment of so public a nature. The resolute tone in which I uttered this declaration had an immediate effect on the courage of my fair tyrant, insomuch, that she agreed to compound matters; and it was finally determined that my wearing a tail of a half yard length, and a foretop of proportional longitude, should entitle me to her hand, without the addition of a scarlet covering, or a cap and feather. Alas! Sir, no one can conceive what anguish I endured, whilst anticipating the performance of the ceremony of decoration.

The fatal morning at length arrived on the which I was to make my first appearance in my fashionable metamorphose. It was Sunday, and the dread of my debut before a large congregation annihilated every rational faculty, and threw my nerves into a lamentable state of trepidation. But not to trespass on your patience by a detail of the sufferings I endured, whilst under the operation of the barber, you must suppose me already equipped from top to toe, in all the fantastic trappings of absurd fashion; my tail dangling like a bell-rope down my back, and my hair soaped up like the crest of a cockatoo. Trembling and disconsolate, I entered the church-door, and tottered, with great difficulty, into my seat, where, like a snail in the hour of danger, I shrunk down, as if in a shell; I could not, however, conceal the new erection on my pericranium, which towered up (a pyramid of *pride*) to the inquisitive gaze of the astonished spectators. Such was my agitation, that I would have willingly resigned every pretension to Miss Betty Bounce, and to every other Miss Betty or Miss Any-one-else in the world, if I could but shrink into nothing, or shrink out of the church.

In the midst of this mental persecution, I felt my new *dangling appendage* forcibly tugged by some one in the rear, and on turning partly round, I perceived that a wicked brat of a boy had pulled it through a hole in the adjoining seat. Here a fresh series of calamities rushed like a torrent on my bewil-

dered senses; for, as I endeavoured to extricate my hair from the grasp of my tormentor, the little urchin pulled it with additional violence; exclaiming, in an audible tone, "Ding, dong, bell—ding, dong, bell!" The parson shook his wig; an "*amen*" died away into a *smirk* on the lips of the clerk, and the risible muscles of the whole congregation were evidently moved. Now this, Sir, was too great a shock for nerves like *mine!* parson, clerk, congregation, pulpit, gallery, and pews, all danced before me, and I soon sunk lifeless into the bottom of the seat.

On recovering my senses, I found myself stretched out, in direful prostration, on my bed, ill at ease either in mind or body. My public catastrophe became the table-talk of the whole town; and before I was sufficiently renovated to venture out, I heard of the marriage of "The lovely and accomplished Miss Betty Bounce, to Mr. Caleb Cabbage, taylor; serjeant-major of the royal runaway volunteers; president (pro tempore) of the society for the propagation of *geese;* knight of the *thimble,* &c. &c. &c."

Such an unexpected, and (may I not say) *unmerited* concatenation of misfortunes plunged me into the most unfathomable depths of despair; and all my friends took it for granted that a trip to Bedlam was absolutely necessary for our mutual security. In this, however, they were mistaken, for I soon betrayed evident symptoms of a recovery; the agitation of my mind as well as of my nerves, gradually subsided, and I once more left my chamber in a very forward state of convalescence. Aware of the ridicule to which I should be subject in my native place, I was recommended by my friends to endeavour to get a situation in London, where I might not only escape the shafts of satire, but also rub off the rust that impeded both the wheels of promotion and of happiness. To this proposal I consented, and soon procured a very eligible employment in a merchant's office. My master's name was Meanwell, a man of good natural abilities, of exemplary virtue, and universally esteemed by all classes of society. A few days after the commencement of my new vocation, Mr. Meanwell kindly invited me to breakfast with him; it was impossible to refuse; and on the appointed morning I proceeded to his house, rigged out as spruce as possible. I should have previously informed you, that his family consisted of one son and five daughters; and believe me, Sir, as I strutted through the street, admiring the exterior decorations of my carcase, I could have sworn that one, *at least,* of the fair damsels would fall a victim to my fascination; which *might* terminate in a happy union, and a lucrative partnership. Puffed up with such ideas, I walked with unusual stateliness; indeed, had it been *night,* every one would have taken me for a star-g zer.

But alas! alas! (have you not heard of a *beautrap*? a loose stone in the flat pavement, that covers a junket of mud) just as I reached my master's door on *such* a stone did I step, and up squirted a torrent of liquid mire (like streams from a watering-pot) spotting all my finery like the back of a leopard. What was to be done? I had already exceeded the appointed hour by ten minutes, and I was at least two miles from my lodgings. A public-house presenting itself to my view, I rushed into it, and calling for a cloth, began to disincumber myself of my dirty badges with all possible expedition. Having exerted my ingenuity for some time, I drank a bumper of brandy (by way of Dutch courage), and soon found myself at Mr. Meanwell's door. I was instantly announced, and ushered into the parlour, where the whole family were seated in anxious expectation of my arrival.

After a thousand incoherent apologies for my late visit, I at length confessed the *foul* fact, and held up my legs as corroborating testimonies of my veracity. Just at this moment one of the ladies being in the act of rising, to place her cup on the table, I bounced down my legs, in order to run to her assistance, when (dreadful to relate) both my dirty hoofs descended on Miss Emily's train, leaving behind them two indubitable proofs of the effects of a moist atmosphere on the miry streets of London. In an agony of remorse, I hastily pulled out my *handkerchief!!* (Oh no! not my handkerchief, but the abominable *clout* with which I had scrubbed myself at the public-house, and which in the confusion of my mind I had unconsciously pocketed), and with this *delicate* application, endeavoured to restore Miss Emily's polluted train to its primitive purity! You may easily conceive the consequence; but past all conception were my feelings. In short, Sir, after spending a long hour in misery, I prepared to depart. By this time the dram of brandy began to operate in my upper story, insomuch that it was with difficulty I could speak distinctly; and just as I left my chair, (being more than commonly polite) quitting the room in a retrograde motion, bowing all the way most obsequiously, I unfortunately stepped on a rascally lap-dog, that lay snoring behind me, and down I fell bounce on my *head's antipode!* when, amidst Mrs. Meanwell's lamentations for her cur, and the reiterated shouts of the ladies, I made a precipitate retreat. Hoping business would, in some degree, alleviate my distress, I hurried away to the office; but judge, Sir, of my chagrin, when, on reaching my desk, I found that my former calamity in the country was known to my brother-clerks. One of them (a wit and a painter,—oh! confound all such dangerous members of society) had prepared against my arrival, a parody on "The house that Jack built," accompanied with appropriate drawings. It began thus:

" This is the desk where Trim sits.
This is the head that hangs o'er the desk where Trim sits.
This is the tail that hung from the head that hang's o'er the desk where Trim sits.
This is the crest, all bedizen'd with soap, &c. &c. &c."

In short, Sir, the whole of my misfortune at church was expressed in this insulting manner; in consequence of which I returned to my lodgings, packed up my clothes, and bade a long adieu to the *charms* of London,

And now, Sir, I am come to the chief purport of my letter (for I will not longer trouble you with the relation of my unpropitious adventures). About three months since, I married Miss Rattle, a young lady of the first rate abilities in loquacity and pugilism; and as I am rather inclined to expect *a family*, I wish to know if your " *conjurer*," that offered his services the other day, can tell me what I am to do in order to prevent my children from inheriting their father's lamentable failing of bashfulness.

With due submission, allow me, Sir, to subscribe myself, (begging a thousand pardons for this intrusion on your patience)

Your most obedient,
Most obliged,
And most humbly devoted servant,
X. TRISTRAM TREMBLE.

The conjurer informs Mr. Tremble that he need not be under any apprehension respecting his offspring. The disposition of the child is regulated—or rather, it naturally descends from the *mother*; without any particle of commixture from the father. If, therefore, Mrs. Tremble's character is fairly depicted, it is possible that her *sons* will come into the world with helmets on their heads; and her daughters speak all the known languages, before disentangled from their leading-strings!

X.

Account of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa; performed by his Majesty's Sloop Favourite, in the Year 1805.

By F. B. Spilsbury, Surgeon to the Favourite.

ON Sunday, September the 22d, 1805, his majesty's sloop Favourite got under weigh from St. Helens, about eleven o'clock, A. M. under the orders of Captain K. Maxwell, of his majesty's ship Arab, with five vessels in company; and on the 24th about seven P. M. we took our departure from the Lizard, bearing

bearing N. ½ W. distant about five leagues. It was at first understood that we were to proceed to the West Indies, but after various orders and equipments, we at length received a final one for the African station. I was now supplied in my department with a double allowance of bark, and such other medicaments as are requisite for a climate so fatal to Europeans as that to which we were destined.

We had now a steady gale with light showers. The thermometer stood in general at 61°; but on the 27th it dropt to 59°; two degrees of cold being produced by the evaporation of water from washing the cabin. And it must be observed, that the thermometer during the course of this voyage, and returning in the cartel, hung always in the shade. We were extremely sorry to find one of our convoy prove a bad sailer, as it would of course impede our progress in the voyage; her name was the Mary of London. The commodore and our vessel alternately took her in tow.

September the 28th, we gave chace to a strange sail which proved to be a Swede bound to the Mediterranean: none but those who are acquainted with the disposition of a sailor, can conceive the disappointment at her not proving a prize. In hopes of better success, we regained our station. On the 29th it blew so hard, that we were obliged to reduce our sails almost to bare poles, and although deeply loaded, we were very crank. The sea now ran very high, yet we spoke two vessels. In the night two guns broke loose, but very fortunately we got over the danger without damage.

September the 30th, the sea continued high; and in the evening the Mary came alongside, and carried away the jib-boom, but got clear without farther loss.

October the 1st, we evidently felt the increase of heat. Our men were regularly trained, as is customary, to the exercise of great guns and small arms. It is perhaps the great attention to this most useful regulation on board British ships of war, which gives us a decided superiority over our enemies. On the beat of a drum, the men immediately fly to their quarters; and their being so constant in that point of duty, increases their agility, gives them confidence in their own powers, and prevents much of that confusion, which with those less disciplined must necessarily ensue—even the little powder-boy would be ashamed of being reproached by his ship mates, for not knowing his duty. On these occasions a general silence prevails, all attentively listening for the word of command.

We now again were sent in chace of a strange ship; she proved to be a Prussian; the master of her was ill, and wished advice, but we were ordered to make sail immediately.

Nothing particular occurred until October the 3d, when, the weather being nearly calm, a number of flying fish passed us,

some few of them falling on board. The machine for purifying our water was by some means stopt. The cooper was therefore ordered to open it: the principle was by conveying the water through charcoal, by which method the most putrid water becomes immediately sweet; but it was insufficient to supply the whole ship's company. We were at this time nearly 210 miles from any land; yet two small birds followed us, one a redstart. The race of these poor animals was nearly run, and the first puff of wind deprived them of their last hopes.

A number of small shells were seen floating by the ship; on gathering of which, they stained the hands, as well as paper or wool, with a beautiful and permanent purple. The fish projected from the shells about an inch and half, and when taken out of them, there appeared at the end a small blue vein, which, when opened, produced the dying liquid; and this we supposed to be the blood of the insect. The citric acid changed the fluid into a fine deep blue. They can throw out this liquor at pleasure; and when put into water, is is tinged with their colours. To me the insect appeared bloated, which rendered it so extremely buoyant, having perhaps undergone some peculiar change; the sea was literally covered with them; and apparently they had no power to contract themselves into their shells. Light airs and heavy rains.

On the 5th, in lat. 27° 54′ N. long. 13° 51′ W. we spoke a schooner from Liverpool, bound to the coast, out of which we pressed the mate and one man; these small vessels run before the large ships, go up the rivers, and bargain for slaves, that the cargoes may be ready against the ships arrive. A large piece of wreck passed us this day, which the commodore sent his boat out after.

On the 7th, we picked up a pipe of excellent red wine, but of what kind we could not determine; it must have been very long in the water, as it was covered with large barnacles. As the cask was towing on board, some coal-fish followed it, two of which we struck. At this time, we saw a brig and large ships bearing down on us, and about eight o'clock at night we cleared for action; they proved to be Portuguese, bound to the Havannah; one a Brazilian. A number of albicores were sporting about, and threw themselves to a considerable height out of the water.

On the 11th we saw land, at 10 A. M. bearing W. N. W. distant six leagues, lat. at noon 32° 32′ N. long. 17° 37′ W. which proved to be the Deserters.

MADEIRA.

Saturday, October the 12th, we anchored in the road of Madeira, off Funchal; it is an open roadstead, and the land has a most romantic appearance. The town is close to the beach;

beach; seems entirely white, and has immense mountains behind it, in general covered with clouds. The purser, Mr. Gay, and myself went out here, and dined with the consul, Mr. Pringle, who treated us with true English hospitality. The inhabitants deal chiefly in wine; but grow very little corn, with which they are supplied from America. About two years since, a large water-spout broke on the top of the mountain over the town: this event happened in the night, and, though it continued but a few minutes, destroyed 1000 inhabitants, washing away houses, churches, and whole streets. They are now repairing, and laying down sewers, so that, should any thing of the kind again happen, the water may be carried off without damage. The town is large, but the streets narrow; the lower floors are all warehouses, and are far from being in a clean condition. We got excellent fruit here at very reasonable prices. Most of the shops are filled with articles of English growth and manufacture. The better sort of people dress like the English, but the costume of the country people is rather grotesque, especially of the women. A blue conical cloth cap, with a small bit of red rag on each side; under this, a white linen handkerchief which flows over their shoulders; a straight cloth cloak, blue or brown, edged with red; a close-bodied jacket, and striped petticoat; they go bare-legged. The men likewise wear a cap, and a coat thrown over their shoulders; their waistcoats and drawers sit close; the latter reaching below the knee.

The countrymen in general carry a long pole on their shoulders, over which is oftentimes thrown their coat. The women, according to the Moorish custom, squat on their hams. On Sunday, they bring various productions from the country for sale; especially a coarsish brown bread. They are very hospitable and inoffensive. A draughtsman whom we met with here, informed us, he had travelled over the island, and was always well treated: he described the views as the most grand and romantic imaginable. Their principal article of cultivation, their wines, they bring to the capital, for sale to the merchants; they are the common madeira, malmsey, and a species of burgundy.

The cathedral is well worth seeing; it is very richly decorated with gold and silver ornaments. Into the body of this edifice, while I was viewing it, the corpse of a female child was brought without a coffin, dressed with flowers, and its hands clasped together: a hole was dug into which they laid it in, the earth was then thrown over it, and trampled down before its mother, who appeared very little concerned. We afterwards learnt, that parents rejoice at their children dying so young; as, having no sin, they are sure to go to Heaven. There was, however, a pleasing melancholy about the mother; or, I may call it resignation:

her attention to keep the flowers in their places, the frequent moving of the handkerchief from its face, all proved, that nature still held her sway, though curbed by superstition. After the ceremony was over, she carefully folded up the handkerchief which covered it, and placed it in her bosom, She received our small gift of money, thanked us with the more eloquent language of her eyes, and all the company separated.

We could not avoid remarking the difference between this really solemn, though artless funeral, and the more pompous ones which we frequently observe at home; it was indeed grateful to the feelings, and there was no one present but participated. The mother herself carried the child, and laid it in its last bed.

I never saw such a number of ordinary women together; scarcely any of them were even tolerable. The women of Funchal are brown, and some of them almost beyond that cast. Many of the country girls, however, have pretty features.

A loathsome disease is diffused over this charmingly fertile island, and seems to hover over it, as a curse. Lepers are so common in the streets, as to be completely disgusting; the disease shews itself in ulcers, or white blotches, in various parts of the body; it makes dreadful havoc on the cheeks, lips, &c. of the poor females, and yet they do not consider it infectious.

The soldiers here are very mean, and are great thieves: some of them stole our purser's dirk while he was walking in the streets.

The wives of the merchants are carried about in palanquins made extremely neat. Their best horses come from America: for removing their wine, &c. to the beach, they use a curious kind of sledge, drawn by two bullocks; a boy always walks before their head, while a man guides them with a pole; and when there are no casks on the sledge, they in general stand on it and drive; they are extremely expert at this, and very seldom any accident happens to them.

We seldom hear of any murders being committed here; and I am, as I before mentioned, credibly informed, that in the country the people are extremely hospitable, and will not accept any return for the little assistance they may render a stranger. Poultry is very dear, a fowl costing six shillings. Fish are caught in abundance: the sea-pikes are not inferior to the river ones.

Our consort, the Arab, lost here some men, who swam away; two fell from a rock forty feet high, but, though much bruised, recovered. We had only two men punished for drunkenness. We obtained here a plentiful supply of beef, wine, and water.

When we came to Funchal, we found the wine we had picked up at sea, to be the best madeira burgundy. This island produces beans, apples, and every kind of fruit belonging to hot climates.

The fields are covered with most beautiful flowers, and odoriferous herbs; and the honey produced here, is supposed to be the finest in the world. The nuns employ themselves in making artificial fruit and flowers, some of which were brought on board to be sold. I had heard much of their preserves, but saw none. The man we pressed out of the little Liverpool vessel ran away here. This island has been so often and so well described by various authors, that it would be useless for me to enter into any farther particulars, as the shortness of our stay prevented me from making any excursions on it. I should have been happy, had my time been longer, and enabled me to give a full description of the customs and manners of the people; but let an author only relate what he sees on the spot, and "and catch the manners living as they rise," instsad of compiling from others, and he will gain sufficient credit from his readers.

(To be continued.)

HIPPOMANIA AT VIENNA.

[From Pezzl's Sketches of Vienna in 1805.]

WHEN the yet nameless city, afterwards known by the appellation of Athens, was completed, Minerva and Neptune disputed the honour of giving it a name. The assembled gods decided that this right should belong to the contending deity, who should make the most useful thing for mankind out of nothing. Minerva created the olive tree, Neptune the horse; and the celestials gave the preference to the goddess.

If at the present day a similar dispute were to arise, and an assembly of our youthful cavaliers were summoned to decide it, they would certainly be of a contrary opinion: they would send Dame Minerva with her olive-tree, to the oil-shop, and would infallibly exalt Neptune, the creator of horses, to the throne of Olympus; for their horses are dearer to them than all the world.

Every body is acquainted with the anecdote of a young Parisian marquis, who being asked which he loved most, his girls or his horses, replied, "J'aime plus mes filles, mais j'estime plus mes chevaux." This was a pretty plain acknowledgement of his sentiments, and such, too, are the sentiments of a large portion of the inhabitants of Vienna.

The partiality for these animals is actually carried to extravagance. People pay an enormous price for them, keep an astonishing

astonishing number, attend, feed, and caress them, with an attachment bordering on madness.

The number of horses has by no means diminished, but, on the contrary, considerably increased at Vienna, within these ten years; for the middling class of citizens and civil officers must now keep their carriages in imitation of their superiors. There are now about ten thousand of those animals in this city. The total cost of oats, hay, and straw, consumed by them in 1802, must have amounted to four millions and a half of florins. A stable for two horses in the city now costs from one hundred and ninety to two hundred and twenty florins; and a carriage with two horses cannot be kept for less than one thousand two hundred florins per annum.

While we are upon this subject, we must not forget the old minister Kaunitz, who ranked among the first of these *dilletanti*. He piqued himself on being the best horseman in Vienna, and he certainly was a first-rate scientific equestrian. He had horses from almost every region of the globe: Spanish, Neapolitan, Ukraine, Polish, Transylvanian, Moldavian, Turkish, Arabian, Tripolitan, Persian, but not a single one of English breed. His favourites were an Arabian poney, and a pie-balled horse, bred by Count Trautmanzdorf, in Bohemia. I know not if many horses have been conveyed by the extra post, but the celebrated prince of Nassau once sent one from Warsaw by the post to Prince Kaunitz, at Vienna, in a carriage constructed for the purpose. It was a grey Persian, of which the prince had boasted so much, that Kaunitz was desirous of having him as speedily as possible. The foreign ministers who went to his table, or sought his company to hear his sentiments on political affairs, often said the following day, with evident signs of disappointment, to their colleagues, "The prince talked of nothing but horses and pictures."

To this subject belongs also the following characteristic anecdote: Kaunitz was once conversing with Stoll, his physician, about horses, and asked him what was the most ancient book in which horses were mentioned. Stoll replied, that in his opinion the book of Job was. The prince immediately rung for one of his attendants, and directed him to purchase a Bible. The bookseller did not fail to talk of this unexpected purchase, which excited no small degree of astonishment in various companies. Some pious old ladies, who had no high opinion of the prince's orthodoxy, triumphed not a little over the circumstance of his procuring a Bible, though, in fact, his only object was to seek in the book of Job for the earliest records relative to the race of horses.

Composition

Composition for effectually curing Damp Walls.

BOIL two quarts of tar with two ounces of kitchen grease for a quarter of an hour, in an iron pot. Add some of this tar to a mixture of slaked lime, and powdered glass, which have passed through a flour sieve, and been dried completely over the fire in an iron pot; in the proportion of two parts of lime, and one of glass, 'till the mixture become of the consistence of thin plaster.

The cement must be used immediately after being mixed, and, therefore, it is proper not to mix more of it at a time than will coat one square foot of wall, since it quickly becomes too hard for use, and continues to increase its hardness for three weeks. Great care must also be taken to prevent any moisture from mixing with the cement.

For a wall which is merely damp, it will be sufficient to lay on one coating of the cement, about one eighth of an inch thick; but should the wall be more than damp, or wet, it will be necessary to coat it a second time. Plaster made of lime, hair, and plaster of Paris, may be afterwards laid upon the cement.

This cement, when put in water, will suffer neither an increase nor diminution in its weight; and it has the peculiar advantage of joining Portland stone, or marble, so as to make them as durable as they were prior to the fracture.

CHARACTERISTIC *of* ENGLISH SEAMEN.

[From Turnbull's Voyage.]

HOWEVER discontented from other causes, there is a generous sentiment in English seamen, which, in cases of difficulty and danger, restrains them to their duty and fidelity. Thus it has frequently happened, that symptoms of a mutiny on board our vessels have been suppressed by the appearance of an enemy; when all as eagerly united to defend their officers, as they before had conspired to resist their authority. —This honourable feature in the character of British tars will, it is hoped, always continue to distinguish them, and prove of essential service to their country.

A QUESTION, *by L. A. Hart of Plymouth.*

DURING a late storm, I observed, on the beach, part of an anchor-stock, and measuring the iron ring of it, I found it 3 inches thick, and its interior diameter 13 inches: I demand its solidity and value at two-pence a pound?

Answer, by G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton, to J. Horsey's Rebus, inserted December 7.

THE HALCYON, kind Sir, or I greatly mistake,
Is the bird you selected your rebus to make.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Bridgwater, to J. A. Dyer's Rebus, inserted Dec. 7.

O May our ladies never taint
A beauteous face with odious PAINT!

⁂ A similar answer has been received from G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; H. Ellis, of Exeter; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; John Salter, of Broadhembury; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Medland, of St. Bude; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; H. Lucas, of Lyme; H. Easter, of Poole; T. Gill, officer of excise near Taunton; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; J B. of Barnstaple; and J. Whitnell, of Street.

Answer, by J. Horsey, of Castle Cary Academy, to H. Ellis's Charade, inserted the 14th of December.

THE festive crowd, on flow'ry plains,
The HORNPIPE trip to rural strains.

⁂ Similar answers have been received from J. Trood, J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; H. Easter, of Poole; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J A. Dyer, of Taunton; Thomas Gill, officer of excise near Wells; J. B. of Barnstaple; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; H Lucas, of Lyme; William Nicholls, of Sidmouth; R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; W. D. of Bristol; P. Gove, of Exeter; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; S. D. of South Petherton; Fanny, of Hinton St. George; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; and W. Woon, of Grampound.

A REBUS, *by J. Rowden, of Heytesbury, Wilts.*

TWO horned beasts pray bring to light,
What tailors use you'll have in sight.

A CHARADE, *by Adam, of Marazion.*

MY last does my first, when my thirst he would slake;
My whole ancient virgins admire:
And oft on my first such a favourite take,
As they dolefully sit by the fire.

A REBUS, *by R. Trewavas, of Mousehole.*

AN ancient judge for strength renown'd;
An ancient father must be found;
An ancient hero, wise and sage;
An ancient prophet next engage;
An ancient priest must next be told;
An ancient Spartan, fam'd and bold;
An ancient Jew, you'll lastly bring
A wise and understanding king.
The initials join'd will make appear,
An ancient, useful, common wear.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On DEATH.

AH! what avails the shining ore,
And what the doctor's art!
All human efforts, Oh how vain!
When death points forth his dart.

Not fond affection's plaintive prayer
Can length of life impart,
Nor friendship's warmest wish restore,
When death points forth his dart.

A solemn lesson this to man
To harmonize the heart,
With resignation to submit
When death points forth his dart.

The soul then wafted to its God,
And free from grief and smart,
Shall live with inexpressive bliss
Where death can point no dart.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Method of Cooking a Breakfast, practised in the Mounts-Bay Boats at Sea.

LIKE old Achates, with repeated strokes
Of clashing flint, the hidden fire provokes;
To one well skill'd this office they assign,
Who lodge the tinder in the glowing twine;*
Fann'd by the breeze succeeds the rising fire,
Then pass it forward at the cook's desire;
Attentive to his duty and his fame,
With sulph'rous coals he feeds the growing flame;
The spouting bung the copper next supplies,
The fanning billows hastily he plies,
'Till vap'rous smoke and flame o'erwhelm the skies.
Soon from the forge the boiling pot unfix,
Then the black herb and the melasses mix;
The buckhorn next the burning coals deface,
And cups and trenches the black beam did grace;
Now all partake the usual repast,
To stop the cravings of their nightly fast.

Mousehole. R. TREWAVAS.

* Or old net; a recent invention, and proved to be superior to any former discovery.

SKETCH *of a* FARMER's COTTAGE.

ENCIRCLED in a ring of shelt'ring trees,
A smiling cottage caught the muse's eye,

As

As late she roam'd, in meditating mood,
To view the prospect of the solemn woods,
And faded fields, that marks November's sway.

Tho' drooping nature had put on her weeds,
And melancholy sat in music's bow'r,
This cottage cast a lustre from its wall,
That seem'd to counteract the season's gloom,
And gave a chearful look to all around.
It seem'd of peace and plenty the abode—
Before the door, a garden amply stock'd
With vegetable store, of various kinds,
Expanded. Here (a useful phalanx) stood
The cabbage, clust'ring close her juicy leaves,
And, praise of northern swains, the hardy kail,
That braves the brunt of winter's biting blast.
The turnip, that delights to sit and swell
Upon the sunny surface, flourish'd here,
In green luxuriance, and of ample size.
Here the white parsnip, boring deep in earth,
And carrot bodiced in her scarlet vest,
Abounded. Round the border scented herbs,
Of grateful pungency to taste and smell,
Were plac'd promiscuously. Whilst in the rear,
Thy bounty, Ceres! rose in many a pile,
Conic, and well secur'd against the storm.
Unnumber'd cacklers round their bases rov'd,
Gleaning from scatter'd ears the fatt'ning spoil:
Nor were their gabbling comrades in the field
Adjacent, where the bleat abundance grew,
Less busy—victims doom'd for Christmas cheer.

The muse felt pleasure, and spontaneous breath'd
A wish of welfare for the man that own'd
The cottage, and adorn'd it by his toil.

HAFIZ.

HYMN *to the* EVENING STAR.

[From the Greek Anthology.]

MILD star of eve, whose tranquil beams
Are grateful to the queen of love;
Fair planet! whose effulgence gleams
More bright than all the host above,
And only to the moon's clear light
Yields the first honours of the night!

All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
Thou glory of the midnight sky!
And when my steps are wandering far,
Leading the shepherd-minstrelsy,
Then, if the moon deny her ray,
Oh guide me, hesper, on my way!

No savage robber of the dark,
No foul assassin claims thy aid,
To guide his dagger to its mark,
Or light him on his plundering trade;
My gentler errand is to prove
The transports of requited love.